A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face,a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whitenesse beate away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:call me a foole,
Trust not my reading,nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke:trust not my age,
My reuerence,calling,nor diuinitie,
If this sweete ladie lie not guiltlesse here,
Vnder some biting errour.
Leonato Frier,it cannot be,
Thou seest that al the grace that she hath left,
Is,that she will not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury,she not denies it:
Why seekst thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?
Frier Lady,what man is he you are accusde of?
Hero They know that do accuse me, I know none;
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercie,O my father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete,or that I yesternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me,hate me,torture me to death.
Frier There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour,
And if their wisedomes be misled in this,
The practise of it lies in Iohn the Bastard,
Whose spirites toyle in frame of villanies.
Leonato I know not,if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her, if they wrong her honour,
The prowdest of them shal wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,

Nor Fortune made such hauocke
Nor my bad life reft me so much
But they shall find awakte in such
Both strength of limbe,and policy
Ability in meanes,and choise of fri
To quit me of them throughly.
Frier Pawse awhile,
And let my counsell sway you in th
Your daughter here the princesse
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it,that she is dead ind
Maintaine a mourning ostentation
And on your families old monum
Hang mourneful epitaphes,and do
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What shall become of th
Frier Mary this well caried, sha
Change slaunder to remorse,that is
But not for that dreame I on this st
But on this trauaile looke for greate
She dying,as it must be so maintain
Vpon the instant that she was accu
Shal be lamented,pittied,and excus
Of euery hearer:for it so falls out,
That what we haue,we prize not t
Whiles we enioy it,but being lackt
Why then we racke the valew,ther
The vertue that possession would
Whiles it was ours,so will it fare wi
When hee shall heare she died vpo
Th Idæa of her life shall sweetly cr
Into his study of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her lif
Shall come apparelld in more prec
More mooning delicate,and full o
Into the eie and prospect of his sou
Then when she liude indeed:then

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